

G. W. BLAKE
Contractor and Builder
of
Frame and Adobe House.
Lovington, New Mexico.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

00473

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M. Aug. 29, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Noah Lee Burrell, of Plainview, N. M., who, on Jan. 9, 1909, made homestead entry 06678, for SE 1-4, Section 28, Township 14S, Range 36 E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Wesley McCallister, U. S. Commissioner at his office in Lovington, N. M., on the 9th day of October, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jesse W. Lipscomb, Jacob A. Cooper, George S. Seckey, Edward Stringer, all of Plainview, N. M.

T. C. Tilliston,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

022571

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M. Aug. 29, 1911. Notice is hereby given that Clyde B. Hackleman, of Plainview, N. M., who on April 30, 1910 made homestead entry Serial 022-571, SW 1-4 Section 15, Township

14S, Range 36 E, N. M. P. M. has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Claude L. Singleton U. S. Commissioner, at his Office in Plainview, N. M. on the 9th day of October, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Alfred T. Wiggins, Charles T. Wiggins, James C. Eoff, Jess W. Lipscomb, all of Plainview, N. M.

T. C. Tilliston,
Register.

W. O. W. CIRCLE, LOVINGTON GROVE, No. 27.

Regular Meeting every third Thursday in each month in W. O. W. Hall

MRS. N. J. CORNETT, Guardian
MRS. MAMIE GRAHAM, Clerk.

WANT:— To exchange a Good New Barton Riding Plow for a good milch cow. Call at Leader Office

The GIRL OF MY DREAMS

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY
WILBUR D. NESBIT AND OTTO HANDBACH

NOVELIZED BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I. Harry Swifton is springing along in his auto, his thoughts dwelling in happy anticipation of a coming visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress, who nursed him when he was injured in an auto accident out in the country. His mind taken off of his surroundings by these pleasant thoughts he crashes into another auto containing a German count and a beautiful woman. The woman's hat is ruined. Absent-mindedly Harry thrusts the remnants of the hat in his pocket and makes his escape.

CHAPTER II. Carolyn, Harry's sister, arrives to play hostess. Socrates Primmer, a distant relative of Lucy's, arrives with a hat intended as a gift to Lucy. Harry is trailed to his home by the German count and the lady of the damaged hat.

CHAPTER III.

For a moment the couple looked at Harry and Harry looked at them. It would be difficult to say whether they or he felt the greater surprise.

"I want that hat!" spoke the lady, in determined tones.

"Yes. Ve vant dot hat!" said the gentleman.

"I haven't a hat," Harry explained.

The German was about to explode in a few belligerent remarks, but the lady put her hand on his arm to restrain him, and said in milder tones: "You can help me out of a most distressing situation, sir."

"How so, madam?" Harry asked.

"We have just come from the new milliner's around the corner. I recognize you as the gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and strangely enough the milliner says that she sent to this house within an hour the perfect duplicate of my hat, which your auto ruined."

"Yellow it was," interrupted the German. "Yellow, mit red pupples on it."

"Poppies, not pupples, count," said the lady. "Now, sir," to Harry, "I must have the hat which was sent here. Mine was an imported model and the milliner had but this one duplicate."

"There has been no hat delivered here," Harry replied.

"But it was," the lady argued. "And I must have it."

"I will go now, if you please," said the German, who had been growing more and more nervous, evidently being anxious to be well out of the scrape as soon as possible.

"No," Harry said, sternly. "Wait a minute. If the hat was sent here, I should know it. There may be a mistake. Ring up this milliner person and find out just what there is to it. Use the phone there, madam."

The lady smiled with relief, went to the phone and called for a number.

"Hello," she said. "Is Ma'mselle Daphne Daffington there? Is this you, Ma'mselle?"

"Daphne Daffington!" Harry muttered. "Can't be little Daphne I used to flirt with!"

"This is Mrs. Blazes," the lady said into the phone.

Harry started at that. "Mrs. Blazes!" he said in a hoarse whisper to the German. "Not Mrs. General Blazes?"

"Exactly!" the German assured him.

"Where did you deliver that duplicate of my hat?" Mrs. Blazes asked.

After the reply, still holding the receiver to her ear, she turned and asked Harry:

"What's the number of this house?"

"Three hundred and ten."

"They say it didn't reach here," Mrs. Blazes said into the phone.

"What? You are sure it did? You will come over yourself? Thank you."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Harry with:

"She is positive that the hat was delivered here, and to make sure she says she will come herself. Now, that hat is here, evidently. And I must have it."

"Yes," the German belligerently added. "Ve must haff it."

Lucy Medders and Harry Swifton were the German was—he could be no one else than the dapper Count von Fitz, whose flirtations escapades were discussed on all sides. And, this being Mrs. Blazes, and the General being worried because his wife had not yet come home, Harry could put two and two together and reason that the Count and the dashing Mrs. Blazes had gone for a jolly little ride through the park, which ride had been spoiled by the untoward accident which had strayed her hat.

"Why don't you go and get a hat—any kind of a hat?" he asked. "I'll be glad to pay for it, as I was partially at fault when your hat was ruined."

"Oh, sir," Mrs. Blazes answered, "I wouldn't dare go home without that particular hat, or its exact duplicate. My husband is very jealous. He would be sure to want to know where the original hat had gone—in fact, it is his favorite hat. Please, please give me the hat."

"But I tell you I haven't it. I'd give it to you in a minute if I had it."

"Vat a nonsense!" the Count cried. Mrs. Blazes was about to say something, when a strange voice was heard outside.

"Right up here? Thank thee." It was the voice of Amos Medders.

"Great heavens!" Harry blazed. "They've come. My future father-in-law, and my future fiancée!"

"Aha!" the Count said, malevolently. "Unless you give us der hat ve will make some trouble."

"Please go!" Harry begged. "Please! I haven't the hat. I'll get you a whole hat store, if you'll only go!"

But they were adamant. Mrs. Blazes, driven to desperation because she knew she simply could not go home without her hat, planked herself into a chair and announced that she would stay right there until he gave her her own hat.

An inspiration came to Harry. Taking Mrs. Blazes by the arm he said:

"I'll send out and get you the hat. I'll get that milliner to rush another

duplicate for you. Here, hide in here for a while. You understand there'd be no end of talk if you were found here."

He rushed Mrs. Blazes to the door of his own room and pushed her in and slammed the door, then turned to the Count.

"Now you may go," he said.

The Count was only too willing, but Lucy and her father could be heard coming nearer. Bewildered, Harry grabbed the Count by the arm and shoved him into the library on the other side from his own room.

"I can't meet them while I am in this condition," he said, looking about the room. "I'm so nervous they'll think I was guilty of something terrible or that I didn't want them here. If I were guilty I could carry it off easily. Then does innocence get the hooks!"

And as Lucy and her father came into the room he slipped out the door

and hid in a closet.

"Oh-h-h!" Lucy gasped. "Isn't it lovely, father?"

"And this"—Mr. Medders said—"this is Harry's home?"

"It seems different from our own home, doth it not?" Lucy asked, shyly.

"Verily, daughter," Medders remarked, coming to a stop before the highly colored picture of the ballet girl, "there be nothing like this at home."

"Why?" Lucy said, looking at the picture, "see the ladies in the rainy day skirts!"

"I see the ladies," Medders said, drily, "but where are the skirts? Verily, daughter, they must have scared a flood."

"Perhaps," Lucy offered, seeing that her father viewed the picture with disapproval, "perhaps it is a biblical scene."

"Nay, daughter. If it were, more people would be buying Bibles."

Medders turned from the picture, and his attention was caught by the statuette of the Venus de Milo. He looked at it intently.

"This is a sad sight, daughter," he remarked.

"Because her arms are broken, father?"

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American Lady OXFORDS

Cool, dainty, comfortable—that's the only way to describe these handsome shoes. They are made for the woman who wants her footwear to be distinctive and stylish, yet not loud. There are so many beautiful new styles in the American Lady line this season that we know we can please you.

Never before have these shoes been as attractive or better made than now. We carry a wide range of styles and leathers, and want to show them to you. Why not today?

TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR

LOVINGTON GROCERY & DRY GOODS CO.



Lucy Medders.

ther?" Lucy asked, innocently, not understanding that her father was expressing a dislike to such works of art. "Peradventure she broke them off trying to hook her dress in the back," she continued, merrily.

"She hath no dress to hook," Medders said, solemnly. "But, aside from these, the place has a seemly look."

To be continued.

under Richardson administration, covering a period of about five years, and in that office made good.

In 1907 he was elected Secretary of the New Mexico Bar Association.

He served as United States Commissioner on the Plains in East Cheyenne County, under appointment of Judge Wm. H. Pope in 1909, where he is well and favorably known.

Mr. Scott is a member of the Roswell Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and has been a

Democrat from infancy up.

He has never before been a candidate for any office, or asked for office at the hands of his party.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Union-Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m.

Rev. Geo. W. Wyeor, Presbyterian Minister, will occupy the pulpit every third Sundays at 11 a. m.

Rev. James Rodes, Baptist Minister, every second Sunday at same hours.

Rev. W. L. Self, Methodist Minister, each fourth Sunday at same hours.

Every one cordially invited to attend these services.